

[ARCHERS]

The lineage defends itself equally against antisocial tendencies, says Schebesta. Sluggards find that they receive no share when game from the hunt is divided; the selfish woman who does not share any of her gathering products with others is ostracized. Incorrigible thieves, and above all those suspected of sorcery, who are considered the worst types of antisocials, are punished relentlessly, exiled from the camp, and left to die if they are not executed by some means or another. Unfortunately, Schebesta cites neither examples in detail nor enough cases to substantiate fully his conclusions. He seems, however, to be generally in accord with what is known of Mbuti groups elsewhere, except with regard to the position and authority of the elder and the alleged "system" of law and punishment.

INTELLECTUAL AND ARTISTIC LIFE

EXACT KNOWLEDGE

There is little information on division of time and space among the archers. Maes (1934) gives the result of his work among five Mamvu-
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578 was not a good dancer, and when he tried to illustrate the leap he
152 fell flat on his face.

[536] That was the end of the matter for Aberi. For weeks he was ridiculed, everyone asking him if he had lost his spear, or telling him to be careful not to trip and fall. But it was not quite the end of the matter for Masalito. He felt more angry than ever at his brother, because Aberi had made himself, and so the whole family, an object of ridicule. Masalito felt this an added insult to himself. Even Kelemoke was furious. So relations between the two brothers got worse and worse, and every time there was a silence in the camp Masalito would complain in a loud voice about his brother and his brother's wife.

593 At first this was tolerated, but finally it threatened to split the
578 camp in two. Masalito began naming all his friends and relatives to
152 support him in ignoring Aberi; he refused to say a word to his
621 brother. Of course his brother could claim support from the same
626 relatives and friends, and tension was spreading throughout both
• 689 camps. That was when the molimo stepped in and showed public disapproval of Masalito. The original source of the dispute, and Aberi's undoubted wrongdoing, were forgotten. Masalito was guilty of the much more serious crime of splitting the hunting band into opposing factions. He himself was then ridiculed and shamed into silence. After that it was only one or two days before the two brothers became good friends and hunting companions once again.

578 Disputes were generally settled with little reference to the alleged
626 rights and wrongs of the case, but chiefly with the intention of restoring
576 peace to the community. One night Kenge slipped out of our
836 hut on an amorous expedition to the hut of Manyalibo, who had an
[152] attractive daughter, one of Kenge's many admirers. Shortly afterward there was a howl of rage and Kenge came flying back across the

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clearing with a furious Manyalibo hurling sticks and stones after him. Manyalibo then took up a position in the middle of the clearing and woke the whole camp up, calling out in a loud voice and denouncing Kenge as an incestuous good-for-nothing. Actually Kenge was only very distantly related to the girl, and the flirtation was not at all out of order, though marriage might have been. Several people tried to point this out to Manyalibo, but he became increasingly vociferous. He said that it wasn't so much that Kenge had tried to sleep with his daughter, but that he had been brazen enough to crawl right over her sleeping father to get at her, waking him up in the process. This was a considered insult, for any decent youth would have made a prior arrangement to meet his girl elsewhere. He called on Kenge to justify himself. But Kenge was too busy laughing and only managed to call out "You are making too much noise!" This seemed a poor defense, but in fact it was not. Manyalibo set up another hue and cry about Kenge's general immorality and disrespect for his elders, and strode up and down the camp rattling on the roofs of huts to call everyone to his defense.

Moke took the place in the center of the camp where Manyalibo had stood, and where everyone stands who wants to address the whole camp formally. He gave a low whistle, like the whistle given on the hunt to call for silence. When everyone was quiet he told Manyalibo that the noise was giving him a headache, and he wanted to sleep. Manyalibo retorted that this matter was more serious than Moke's sleep. Moke replied in a very deliberate, quiet voice, "You are making too much noise—you are killing the forest, you are killing the hunt. It is for us older men to sleep at night and not to worry about the youngsters. They know what to do and what not to do." Manyalibo growled with dissatisfaction, but he went back to his hut, taunted by well-directed remarks from Kenge and his friends.

Whether Kenge had done something wrong or not was relatively immaterial. Manyalibo had done the greater wrong by waking the

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- 578 whole camp and by making so much noise that all the animals would
• 689 be frightened away, spoiling the next day's hunting. The Pygmies
have a saying that a noisy camp is a hungry camp.

685 Some misdemeanors are very simply dealt with. A Pygmy thinks
[186] nothing of stealing from Negroes; they are, after all, only animals,
as seen by Pygmy eyes. But among themselves theft is virtually non-
existent. For one thing, they have few possessions, and for another
there is no necessity for theft except through laziness.

685 Pepei was such a lazy Pygmy, and he was always stealing from
159 the Negroes. But out in the forest he was forced to work for his food,
[589] to build his own hut if he wanted one (he was a bachelor but liked
having his own hut, sharing it with his younger brother), and he had
to make his own bows and arrows and hunting net, and to cook his
own food. This was hard on Pepei, and although he meant no harm
he could not resist slipping around the camp at night, taking a leaf
from this hut and a leaf from that, until he had enough to thatch his
own hut—which he made by acquiring saplings in a similar manner.
Food used to disappear mysteriously, and Pepei had always seen a dog
stealing it. But finally he was caught in the act by old Sau, Amabosu's
mother, who was a very strange and frightening old lady. Pepei
crept into her hut one night and was lifting the lid of a pot when
she smacked him hard on the wrist with a wooden pestle. She then
grabbed him by the arm, twisting it behind his back, and forced
him out into the open.

Nobody really minded Pepei's stealing, because he was a born
comic and a great storyteller. But he had gone too far in stealing
from old Sau, who had lost her husband and was supported by her son
685 Amabosu and his wife. So the men ran out of their huts angrily and
159 held Pepei, while the youths broke off thorny branches and whipped
629 him until he managed to break away. He went running as fast as
he could into the forest; he cried bitterly and wrapped his arms around